
Title: Lowyatar

Author:

Old and wicked witch
Lowyatar,
Worst of all
the death land Woman,
Ugliest of Mannas
Children,
Source of all
the hoasts of evils,
All the ills of the
northlands,
Black in heart and soul
and visage,
Evil Genius of Lappala,
Made her couch on the
wayside,
of the fields of sin and
sorrow;
turned her back to the
east wind,
To the source of stormy
weather,
To the Chilling winds of
morning.

When the winds arose in
the morning,
Heavy Laden became
Lowyatar,
Through the east wind's
inpregnation,
on the sand plains,
vast and barren,
Long she bore her weight
of trouble,
Many morns she suffered
anguish,
Till at last she left the
desert,
Makes her couch within
the forest,
On a rock apon a
mountain,
She labored hard to leave
her burden,
By the mountain springs
and fountains,
by the crystal waters
flowing,

By the sacred streams
and whirlpool, by the
cateract and fire
streams,
But her burden did not
lighten.
Blind Lowyatar, old and
Ugly, new not where to
look for succor,
How to lose her wieght
of sorrow,
where to lay her children.
then spake the highest of
the heavens,
In a triangle in the
swamp fields,
neer the borders of the
ocean,
in the never pleasant
south, in the dismal fens,
Thither go and lay thy
burden,
In the fens leave thy
offspring, There the
laplanders await thee,
there will bid your
children welcome.
Thereapon blind Lowyatar,
Blackest Daughte of
Tuoni,
Manas oldest and ugliest
maiden,
Hastened on her journy
southward,
To the Chamber of Fen,
To the ancient halls,
there to lay her heavy
burden,
There to leave her evil
offspring.
Old and toothless witch
fen ,
Takes Lowyatar to her
swamp,
Spake these measures to
lowyatar,
Faithfull daughter of
creation,
Thou most beutifull of
woman,
first and last of the
anchient mothers,
Haisten on the feet to
the center of the oceans,
Take the see foam from
the waters,
Take the honey of the
mermaids,

and anoint thy sacred
members,
That thy labors may be
lightened.
finally The blind Lowyatar,
Wicked witch of Tuonela
was delivered of her
burden, laid her offspring
in the cradle, beneath
golden covers,
Thus at last were born
nine children,
In the evening of summer,
from Lowyatar, blind and
ancient, Ugly daughter of
Tuoni,
Faithfully the virgin
mother, guards her
children with affection
as an artist loves and
nurses what his skillful
hands have created.
Lowyatar named her nine
offspring,
Colic, Plurisy, and
feaver, Ulcer, plague and
dread consumption, Gout,
sterility, and cancer,
And the worst of these
children she unleashed on
the peoples southlands,
To engender strife and
envy.
Lowyatar Mother of
disease, the
blind mother, mistress of
pain.
Daughter of the demon
Tuoni, Master of the
underworld.